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THE ONLY TOOL NEEDED TO APPLY

THE BACHELOR He's a Marked Man Just at Present, Especially in France and Great Britain.

If single men continue to be singled out as victims of tax collectors and recruiting sergeants, the great trinity of human rights will be changed to read: "Life, liberty and matrimony." For where can the bachelor find happiness in a world that marks his income as the first to be seized by a rapacious state, and his precious person as the first to be exposed to the enemy's bullets.

Never since the history of man began has the bachelor been the marked man as he is today, the Brooklyn Eagle remarks. In England Premier Asquith's famous promise was given to the married men, the state supports the wives and children of enlisted married men. In France the supports not only the legally separated wives, but those whom acknowledge as their "wives," an assumption being that the legal ceremony will follow when the war comes to an end. Thus even the man who promises to become married is favored by the state.

As for the taxes, the bachelor has long been the victim of his own discrimination. Even Uncle Sam, who is ordinarily the least given to making individual distinctions among his citizenry, grants the married man a \$1,000 exemption on his income tax. In Europe the discrimination against the bachelor is much more marked—so marked in fact that bachelorhood is more of a luxury than a livelihood.

The Ditty.

"How did kid ladd make out in his bout with Battling McPug?" "Oh, the kid got the gas and McPug got the gate receipts."

Naturally.

"He's a very polished gentleman." "That's why he shines in society."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Ever Eat Grape-Nuts?

There's a vast army of physical and mental workers who do.

One reason—it's delicious nut-like flavour.

Another—it is easily and quickly digested—generally in about one hour.

But the big reason is—Grape-Nuts, besides having delicious taste, supplies all the rich nutriment of whole wheat and malted barley, including the "vital" mineral salts necessary for building brain, nerve and muscle.

Always ready to eat direct from the package, Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk is a well balanced ration—the utmost in sound nourishment.

"There's a Reason"

—said by Grocers.

The Heart of Night Wind By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrations by Ray Walters

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co. or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful. He writes to his father that he intends to go a handful of the wealth in the great timber of the region.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Sandry was enjoying her succinct precision of knowledge and expression.

"And you've spent all these years in the midst of this wet-blanketed climate?" he smiled. "How in the world did you do it—and keep your cheerfulness?"

"Son," said Ma Dally kindly, "you can knock the country to me, but don't you go doin' it where the men'll hear you. Us web-feet are used to the rain, but we don't like to hear the Easterners talk about it. It's a chip on every Oregonian's shoulder. You don't want to queer yourself."

There was a note of genuine good advice in the words and tone, and Sandry got a sudden insight into several little happenings that had puzzled him—for instance, the emphasized wearing of blue shirts in a rain that had soaked his overcoat, and a few remarks about the fact that Oregon rain didn't wet through.

"Thank you, Mrs. Dally," he said earnestly with a sudden feeling of friendship between him and this shrewd, kindly old general of men.

He turned presently to the girl boy in the lamplight, her black head shivering a shadow over her eyes.

"By the way," he said, "if you care to you may ride Black Bolt whenever you wish."

She nodded quietly, without a flicker of the pleased excitement he had expected in the light of her seeming passionate love of the animal, but a few dull flush spread upward in her dark face and her fingers trembled a bit, no lanced on the reins.

They trembled in all surety the next morning, when, with a bridle of colored and woven horsehair over her arm, she entered the barn-ty.

Black Bolt was a gentleman born. Though he was wild as the girl for the free air, the green slopes, and the yielding sod under his feet, he stood still while she came up lightly, as a cat springs, with a little soft nighing, and they were gone, down over the smooth slope of the valley toward the lower railway.

There were two interested spectators to that splendid flight—Ma Dally from the cook-shack porch, who wiped her eyes a bit and said aloud: "Bless the child! Wild—wild! But it's natural," and Walter Sandry standing at the south window of the office.

"Did you like it?" Sandry asked her amusedly that evening as he passed through the eating room.

"Yes," said Siletz with her belying quietness.

"I believe I've found a study," he said to himself as he went on, "a worthy study in human nature."

And Siletz had found a new heaven and a new earth. Something wild within her that had never moved restlessly broke forth, a glorious flower of ecstasy. Day by day thereafter she housed Black Bolt and sped into fields of Elysium, lost to earth, intoxicated mad with the rush of wind and rain. Always when she came back there was the dusky flush in her face, the sleepy look of intoxication in her eyes.

Thus winter closed in on the innery camp in the mountains, blue-black and gray with mist and rain and vivid green with the new grass of the coast country.

VISIONS SEEN BY SOLDIERS

Men at the Front Firmly Convinced They Have Been Witnesses of Supernatural Things.

In periods of great national stress, when the responsibilities facing a people call for an effort superhuman, the mind is more prone than in times less tense to place dependence upon divine aid and to believe that supernatural powers are exerting their might.

This tendency is embodied in a little column entitled "The Women and Other Legends of the War," written by Arthur Machen.

The potent character of these tales of latter-day miracles is well exemplified by the fact that the story of "The Women," with its allusion to the appearance of a supernatural host, has been accepted widely in England as fact.

Upon its publication in serial form, there came to the author scattered inquiries from editors of occult journals as to the foundation of the story, when the author denied that his con-

the lower railway a group of loggers came stalking in their spiked boots. Behind them Murphy rocked excitedly along in the tiny locomotive.

Sandry shut his ledger and stepped outdoors.

"What's the matter, Collins?" he asked of a huge man in the lead, a perfect type of the logger of the great Northwest, sun-browned, hard-muscled, wiry of figure and with the endurance and power of a bull elephant.

"Matter enough. Them damned Yella Pines' sawed five piles in the railway an' tore up two lengths of track."

Sandry went ahead down the track and found a state of things sufficient to raise the ire of any riverman or timberjack.

Where the track approached the railway it had been torn up bodily, the ties and rails thrown into the narrow gullies, as evidenced by a few projecting ends, and the railway itself, a slanting floor of logs some two feet thick supported on a group of graduated piles, sagged in the center where two piles had been cut and piled side-wise. The lower edge also drooped for the same reason. It had been the work of pure malice, that he saw at a glance.

"Collins," he said as the men came up in a sullen group, "get to work and see if you can raise those sawed supports and pry them back on their bases."

The gang went slowly down the sharp bank of the tidalwater slough.

"Johnny Eastern," said one softly, "all right, all right! Prize up a railway! My Aunt Maria!"

Sandry stood near, realizing his limitations and raging helplessly, watching them lazily testing and pushing here and there.

"Hadin' no better just spike 'em on to the sides!" asked Collins, with a droll upward glance.

Sandry was about to reply when John Dally slipped down from the track beside him under the ice of the damaged railway.

"Collins," he said sternly, "you get back to camp and bring tools—peaves, hooks, a couple of chains and some pecks. Bring a couple of axes, too. What do you mean by such business?"

"Orders," said Collins with a grin. "You see, Mr. Sandry," said Dally apologetically, "there's no fain' such

timbers as them, not when they've got to carry such weight. They'll have to be taken out entirely an' new ones set."

"I didn't know," returned Sandry frankly; "won't they hold back the work?"

"A day or so, maybe. We can take the fallers out an' put them on with Collins an' the rest. There's enough down to keep the bockers busy a day or two, anyway. We won't lose much."

"Do you think this is the work of the Yellow Pines people, Dally?"

"Sure," said Dally with certainty. "they've done worse than this before now. Cut our best cable two years ago and twice they've run the dinkies of the track into the slough. They're bad actors."

"But what's the use? What do they gain?"

"They want to run us out of the Yella. Been at it for ten years. They're just givin' you a hint as the new owner."

position had any basis in fact, to his amusement, some of his correspondents maintained that he must be mistaken. In provincial papers hot controversy was waged regarding the exact nature of the appearance.

Bishop Weldon, Dean Hensley, Hanson, Bishop Taylor Smith (the chaplain-general), and many other clergy have occupied themselves with the matter. Doctor Horton preached about the "Angels," at Manchester; Sir Joseph Compton Rickett (president of the National Federation of Free Church Councils), stated that the soldiers at the front had seen visions and dreamed dreams, and had given testimony of powers and principities fighting for them or against them.

Dance to the Vibrations.

Vibrations of the floor caused by the playing of an orchestra are said to be sufficient for deaf persons to dance by. This at least is the explanation given for a dancing exhibition by deaf couples held in San Francisco recently. Others, not susceptible to these vibrations, fall into the rhythm by watching.

The repairing of the damaged railway was another revelation to the easterner. New timbers were brought down and the slanting floor was thickly underpinned. Then with pick and shovel the men went at the work of digging out the damaged timbers. The work was heavier, more dangerous and disagreeable by reason of the water, four feet deep at low tide, eight at high, which lapped their bases.

Dally put them at the digging from the slope side at low tide; but on the second day he stood long running his blind fingers through his hair, as was his custom when perplexed.

Sandry had come down from the office and now stood on the track above the railway looking over the wet country below. At the railway's foot the sluggish ribbon of tidalwater, sullen and discolored, wound up from the south. To the north the valley lifted gently toward the camp and the wilderness beyond.

Suddenly, "Dally," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't just know. The men can't work in the water, and them piles have got to come out. But there's a way of doin' it, of course."

"Of course," said the easterner, "and why not go at it from above?"

The foreman looked at him inquiringly.

"That left bank of the slough up there is in the form of a ridge. Don't you think we could set a crew at it at low tide and dig it through, turning the water into the field yonder? That would leave the slough empty here for the time between high tides. Could you get the timbers out in a few hours?"

Dally's experienced eye had already taken in every detail of the possibilities as Sandry talked.

"That's a good scheme, Mr. Sandry," he said slowly. "I believe it'll work."

So it was that the first practical suggestion of the new owner was set into action.

The whole crew of the camp was brought out of the hills and set to work and the damaged railway was repaired as good as new, the break in the west bank filled, the slough running full again and nothing to show for the trouble but the flooded field of tules.

Under Walter Sandry's cool demeanor there was a small glow of satisfaction, a sense of having in a way redeemed himself.

At supper time Siletz, moving between the tables, laughed to herself, softly, and her dark eyes under the little shadow of her parted hair held a sparkling gleam as if she had seen that conflict and enjoyed it.

"Siletz," said the owner, coming in suddenly from the east porch after the men had tramped heavily away to the bunkhouse, "whom do you know outside this camp?"

She was alone in the big spotted kitchen, her sleeves rolled up from her arms, slim and brown with a smooth color that was of the sun's giving.

"Outside the camp?" she asked, turning to him for a moment, stopped in some task of the aftermath of the meal, "why—nobody."

"Don't you ever go down to Toledo?" Sandry was leaning in the doorway, his bright blue eyes upon her.

"Sometimes."

"Have you no friends there? No girl friends?"

She shook her head and he noticed the clean profile, the shape of the small pointed chin, the good forehead conflicting with a vague suggestion of fleeting wild things in the velvety eyes.

"Is there no one with whom you associate outside the camp? Think."

Suddenly there passed over her features a quick change. He could liken it to nothing but a wind on the surface of water. Just a breath of change.

"Only the preacher," she said with a swift slurring of softness in her voice.

"The preacher?"

"You don't know him. He only comes sometimes. He was here just before you came."

"Who is he?" asked Sandry curiously.

"I don't know. Nobody knows. But I love him."

"The preacher," he said to himself a little later in the bare south room under the dripping eaves. "Him! The Bible—of course."

With a new interest he picked up the quaint old book of Holy Writ and let it fall open in his hands as it had a way of doing.

inspired soul, the Psalms, there looked his answer, as he was to know in another day, the truest answer that could have been given to his question:

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

With an odd feeling of truth struck from the page he closed the book and laid it gently down on the white cloth.

CHAPTER VII.

Night Wind.

From that time forth Sandry began to take a keener interest in Siletz. For one thing, he noticed that everyone called her Siletz, with a soft slurring of the first syllable, and he found himself using the name which he thought particularly beautiful. It was the name of the reservation to the north and of a small part of the odds and ends of tribes thrown in there by a beneficent government. What was her other name? He had always thought of her as Ma Dally's daughter; and yet, now that he came to think of it, she had never seemed akin to the easy-going, open-minded foreman who was so like the old woman. She was silent to both with her silences, her whimsical speech and her look of hidden fire.

One day in the late fall, when the white mist and the evergreen of the forest had got on his nerves unparably, Sandry left the office and went to the shed for Black Bolt, only to find

him gone. He had meant to ride off the fit of blues. Failing that, he decided to walk it off, and struck up the wet green valley to the north.

Almost immediately the tumbling hills closed in upon him and he found himself in a wilderness of towering firs, of dripping vine maples and mysterious paths lost in the crowding ferns. He was standing at rest in a small glade carpeted with pine needles and surrounded with ferns, when he caught the sound of voices. They came from the dense wall of the woods at his right and unconsciously he listened, tipping his head and straining his ears. Presently a look of blankness spread upon his face.

One of the voices was familiar, soft and sliding with a minor, the voice of the girl Siletz, and she was speaking in jargon.

Even as this amazing knowledge was borne in upon him the tangie parted and she stepped out before him. A Siletz squaw followed her, a short brown creature of comely features, clad in brilliant flannel, a towering pyramid of baskets slung to one shoulder. Noising eagerly at the girl's elbow stepped Black Bolt, while Coosnah brought up the rear. They perceived him instantly and the Indian woman turned away with a few gutturals which Siletz answered gently. But in the moment that she had confronted him, Sandry had seen her face and received a shock.

Beginning just under the lower lip and running downward to the base of the chin there stood out three blue bars, each composed of minutely tattooed designs. Unconsciously she started eyes flew to the dark face of the girl. There, on her lighter skin, tell-tale in its truth of outline, was the beginning of the same mark, broken in its inception by some mysterious hand.

For a moment Sandry's head whirled and a sort of nausea came over him. Then he became conscious of her dark eyes, level and calm, upon his face and a thrill that sent the blood pounding in his veins shot through him. The mighty trees around them, the eternal majesty of the hills under the intimate gray sky, the girl in her trim, sensible attire of blue shirt, short skirt and boots, with that sudden revelation of the wild about her, combined to suggest the unreal, the mysterious, the

given him the blackest of eyes in the bargain.

The flying fish and the black eye were brought into port here one day last week by Mr. Shively, who proposes to keep the first and is making every effort to rid himself of the latter. The flying fish had its nose broken in the encounter and only lived a few minutes.—Los Angeles Times.

Had a Right to Be There.

A man arrested for stealing chickens was brought to trial. The case was given to the jury, who brought him in guilty, and the judge sentenced him to three months imprisonment.

The jailer was a jovial man, fond of a smile and feeling particularly good on that particular day, considered himself insured when the prisoner, looking around the cell, told him it was dirty and not fit for a hog to be put in. The word brought on another till finally the jailer told the prisoner it did not behave himself he would put him out. To which the prisoner replied: "I will give you to understand sir I have as good a right here as you have!"

FISH KNOCKS OUT FISHERMAN Gives Man Black Eye and Breaks Its Own Nose—Will Be Kept as Trophy.

It was a starlight night and "Joe" Rivers' good launch Yankee lazily slid through a succession of oiled waves "Biff" and Skipper Jerry Shively at the wheel measured his full length of six feet five upon the deck. Bang! Something careened off the spokes of the wheel and lay fluttering in the scuppers.

"Who did that," bellowed Jerry as he arose to his feet and glared down upon the cowering crew.

"Something from overhead," timidly replied William Asterson, able seaman. "Seen it come aboard."

A few turns of the wheel and the Yankee settled back to its course while the crew began to search and finally came upon the suttering thing in the scuppers.

It was a flying fish, and not a large one at that. But it had sent a man who weighed over 250 pounds to the mat for the full count of ten and had

watched her turn and ride down one of the mysterious paths.

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So a Bolt Can't Slip.

A method of locking a nut upon a bolt in such a way that it cannot work loose is the object of a patent granted to William Johnson of Pittsfield, Mass. The bolt is the ordinary screw bolt, but has a flat edge down one side. Upon this a washer, made of spring steel is placed. The straight edge of the hole in the washer fits that of the bolt, thus making it immovable.

More Trouble.

"Why do you never take your family out in your car?" "Got seven in my family."

lawless; in a dash an understudied her silences, her calm, her occasional stilted moles of speech, and her whimsicalities.

"Why—why—Siletz!" he stammered, following out the train of his stumored thought, "what are you? Who are you? A star in the dusk! The night wind in the pines!"

In the flush of the pregnant moment he laid his hand on her bare arm, and the rolled-up sleeve—her soft arm, wet with the mist—closing his fingers strongly upon it. For the enchanted present she was romance and mystery, and Sandry was beneath its spell.

But Siletz looked from his face down to the hand upon her arm. The blood rose slowly in her dusky cheeks, and when she raised her eyes again they were dim with the same look of intoxication as had come with the madness of the rushing wind on Black Bolt's back.

"Yes," she said dreamily, "I am the Night Wind. That's what they call me—my friends the Indians. But how did you know?"

"I didn't. I just heard the words in my heart. They are right."

He did not remove his hand, and silence fell between them while they stood gazing into each other's eyes. Sandry saw the heavy look in hers, the dull fire that bespoke a very drunkenness of emotion, and in another moment he had lost his head. Without thought, as simply as the first runner of those forests took what he wanted, he leaned forward and kissed her, softly, lightly, on her smooth cheek. Her eyes darkened perceptibly and she covered her face with her hands.

In a sudden great embarrassment Sandry stood silent beside her, his heart pounding and his manhood already upbraiding him. He searched his clearing brain for some word of apology, some contrite expression, but found none, and the next moment could not in any case have spoken it; for Siletz lifted her face and it was glorified. The intoxication had drifted away from her features, leaving them in the utter simplicity of the primeval woman, and there was in them a white fire of self-surrender.

Without a word—and Sandry knew instinctively that she could not speak—she turned to Black Bolt, threw the reins over his head, crouched beside him on a little bit of moss and leaped upward. He watched her land on the horse's blanketed back with that inflexible grace of the wild, turn and ride swiftly down one of the mysterious paths whose nodding ferns closed after her. Coosnah, following with a lithe rolling of all his huge muscles, cast a lowering glance backward at the man.

The incident had taken all the helplessness out of the day and the wilderness, and Sandry wended his way slowly back to camp, arriving just in time for supper. Siletz tended the table in her usual silence, but when she reached him she was constrainedly aloof, as if fearing to break a spell by a word or touch. Once he looked up at her, striving for recognition, but she avoided his eyes and to save his life he could not repress the wild thrill that had betrayed him in the hills, though he was conscious of anger flushing hot upon it. He suffered a very real humiliation in that he had so far forgotten his training, his sense of the fitness of things, as to kiss this wild mountain creature. His ancestral blood rose up in condemnation.

The next few days were crowded full to overflowing with work and he laid aside all personal perplexities. The first raft of logs, a great cigar-shaped monster, laced together in all its length and breadth with giant chains, lay in the backwater at Toledo ready for its voyage into the world beyond.

A crew of river drivers was picked from among the men and all was in readiness save for a draft of directions which was to be given, along with the raft, into the custody of Captain Graetz of the long dun-colored steamer that would stand in across the bar at Newport on the twenty-sixth.

Sandry thrilled with contemplation of the great, reddish-brown floor, slightly raised in the center, sloping gently to the sides. Its building had been a thing of wonder to him. It would in all probability scatter to the ends of the earth, and its worth ran well into five figures. He watched its departure, an impressive matter of sluggish rising with the tide, of almost imperceptible motion and then of majestic speed that carried it westward toward the ocean. Then he turned back to his logging camp with a heightened joy in the new life.

That night he wrote to the white-haired gentleman who was then going to bed under silken covers with the aid of the faithful Higgins; and his letter was long and brilliant, touched with that cheer and hope, that light of awakening strength and ability which was beginning to stir his heart to its foundation.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wilton Sandry when he got that letter, looking down on the pageant of Riverside drive in its winter livery, "what a boy he is! What a son! The metal is beginning to ring."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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More Trouble.

"Why do you never take your family out in your car?" "Got seven in my family."

"Well, you have a seven passenger car."

"Yes, and when it's full people think I'm operating a jitney bus."

"YOU TOLD ME THE TRUTH AND WANT THE PEOPLE TO KNOW IT"

The following unsolicited letter has been received from Mr. J. F. Ward of Donalds, Alberta. It is a plain statement of conditions as Mr. Ward has found them:

"It is with pleasure I drop a line to you. We had a good year. Off of 65 acres, oats and wheat, I got over 2,500 bushels of wheat and oats. Oats went here from 50 to 100 bushels per acre, and wheat from 25 to 52 per acre. Just see me being here one year and have